

THE WAR CRY



WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



Let us pay honour to her, who, after Jesus Christ, is God's best
gift to man—MOTHER

"My Refuge"

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."—Prov. 18:10.

Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My Help and Refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine;
And lo! from sin and grief and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name Salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings and power and peace
And joy and everlasting love
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, my All-in-All Thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my All-in-All.

—C. Wesley.

THE ELOQUENT HANDS

A mother lay dying, and called her eldest girl to her side. "I am sorry to leave you, darling," she said. "It is a hard task I am giving you, but do your best for the home and the children, and be sure to have them in bed when father comes home to have for drink." "Yes, mother," she tearfully answered, "I'll do my best."

She did her best during the long and trying summer that followed, but the work and responsibility were too much for the little heroine's strength. The doctor was summoned, but all he could do was to shake his head and say that nothing could be done.

Sending for her girl friend, Katie, the little sufferer told her all that the doctor had said, and finished by saying: "There is one thing that troubles me, Katie. More than once, when saying my prayers, I have fallen asleep, and I can't think what I shall say to Jesus about this when I see Him."

Then Katie looked at the toil-worn hands on the bed, showing signs of work that had been too hard for the frail fingers, and said: "Don't trouble about that, dear. Just show him your hands, and He will understand."

MAKE THE BEST OF THE WORST

An old saying hath it, "When things are at the worst they will mend." Worse than the worst cannot be, so let's "make the best out of it," and sing cheerily in the "felt darkness." Only abounding grace can supply this "spiced wine of the pomegranate," still it is to be had for the asking, when we search for it with all our heart. When the Israelites were "at the worst," then the sea divided, and songs of triumph were heard. The three young Hebrew stalwarts found that at "the worst" the "Fourth One" appeared, even the Son of God, walking in the midst of the fire. At "the worst" the mouths of the famishing lions were stopped, "the worst" the despairing disciples saw Him whom their souls loved walking on the waves, bringing hope, deliverance and blessing. With God for us the worst in our life is only, if not always, the best, for all things work together for good.

THE GREAT MAGNET

The magnet draws all kinds of nails, but not gold or silver; so Christ draws all kinds of sinners, but not the self-righteous. The magnets will draw nails out of sawdust or muddy water, but will draw only the nails. Christ draws sinners out of the worst sins, but He never draws their sins. The nails which touch the magnet have a power imparted unto them that enables them to draw other nails, but it is always through the magnet. They cannot boast of this power, for it is not theirs. The least separation between them and the magnet breaks their drawing power.

God has never been satisfied with worship without the worshipper, gift without the giver, service without the servant.

Remember, that in life, as in a mirror, you never get more out than you put in.

How wonderful that God in Christ could listen to the thoughts of little children and answer them in their own language.

The Mothers at the Gate

By Skipper Tommy Lovejoy



hand lay still and strangely heavy on my head.

Then I knew that my mother was dead. I leaped from my knees with a broken cry, and stood expectant, but yet in awe, searching the dim, breathless room for a beautiful figure, white-robed, winged, radiant, like the angel of the picture by my bed, for I believed that souls thus took their flight; but I saw only shadows.

"Mama," I whispered, "where is you?" There was no answer to my question; night without. But it was still and breathless in the room.

"Mama," said I, "is your soul hidin' from me?"

Still I was left unanswered; I waited, listening—but was not answered.

"Mama," I screamed, "you forgot t' kiss me good-bye! Oh, come back!" "She've forgot me!" I moaned. "Oh, she've forgot me!" I threw myself down in an agony of tears.

Later on, Skipper Tommy Lovejoy, finding me disconsolate, took me to the seaward hills to watch the break of day; for the rain had ceased, the wind fallen away; and the gray light of dawn was in the Eastern sky.

"I'm wantin' t' tell you, Davy," he said, in a confidential way, we trudged along, "about the gate o' heaven."

I took his hand. "An' I've been wantin' t' tell you," he added, giving his nose a little tweak, "for a long, long time."

"Is you?" "Ay, lad; an' about the women at the gate."

"Women, Skipper Tommy?" said I, puzzled. "An' pray, who is they?"

"Mothers," he answered. "Just mothers."

"What they doin' at the gate? No, No! They're not there. Sure, they're playin' harps at the foot o' the throne."

"No," said he, positively; "they're at the gate."

"What they doin' there?" "Waitin'."

We were now come to the crest of a hill; and the sea was spread before us—breaking angrily under the low, black sky.

"What's they waitin' for?" I asked.

"Davy, lad," he answered, impressively, "they're waitin' for them they bore. That's what they're waitin' for."

"For their sons?" "Ay; and for their daughters, too."

While I watched the big seas break on the rocks below—and the clouds drift upon the edge of the world—I pondered upon this strange teaching. My mother has never told me of the women waiting at the gate.

"Ah, but," I said, at last, "I'm thinking God would never allow it t' go on. He'd want us at t' sing His praises. Sure, they'd just be waitin' His time—waitin' there at the gate."

Skipper Tommy shook his head—and smiled, and softly patted my shoulder.

"An' He'd gather us there, at the foot o' the throne," I went on, "an' tell us t' wait no more, but strike up their golden harps."

"No, no."

"Why not?" "They wouldn't go."

"But He'd make us go."

"He couldn't."

"Not make us?" I cried, amazed.

"Look you, lad," he explained, in a stage whisper, "they're all mothers, an'

they'd be waitin' t' stay where they was, an' ecod, they'd find a way."

"Ah, well," I sighed, "tis wearisome work—this waitin'."

"I'm thinkin' no," he answered, soberly, speaking rather to himself than to me. "Tis not wearisome for such as know the good Lord's plan."

"Tis wonderful hard," I said, "on the mothers o' wicked sons."

The old man smiled. "Who knows," he asked, "that 'tis wonderful hard on they?"

"But then," I mused, "the Lord would find a way t' comfort the mother o' such."

"Oh, ay."

"I'm thinkin', maybe," I went on, "that He'd send an angel t' tell they wasn't worth the waitin' for. Mind un not?" He'd say. "They're nothing but bad wicked boys. Leave un go t' hell an' burn."

"An', now, what, lad," he enquired with deep interest, "is you thinkin' the mother would do?"

"She'd take the angel's hand," I sighed.

"Ay?"

"An' go up to the throne—forgettin' them she'd left."

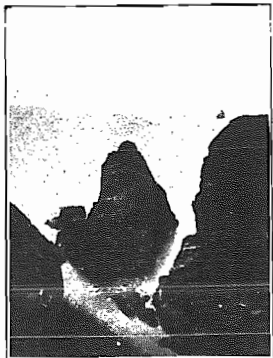
"An' then?"

"She'd praise the Lord," I sobbed.

"Never," the skipper cried.

I looked hopefully in his face.

"Never," he repeated. "'Lord' she'd say, 'I loves un all the more for their sins. Leave me wait—oh, leave me wait—here at the gate. Maybe—sometime—they'll come.'"



He took me to the seaward hills.

"But some," said I, in awe, "would wait forever—an' ever—an' ever."

"Not one."

"Not one?"

"Not one. 'Twould hreak the dear Lord's heart t' see un waitin' there."

I looked away to the furthest clouds, fast changing, now, from gray to silver, and for a long time I watched them thin and brighten.

"Skipper Tommy," I asked, at length, "is my mother at the gate?"

"Ay," said I, he confidently.

"Waitin'?"

"Ay."

"An' for me?"

He gave me an odd look—searching my very soul with his mild old eyes.

"Doesn't you think she is?" he cried.

"I knows it," I cried.

Far off, at the horizon, the sky broke—and the light broadened—and the clouds lifted—and the east flamed with colour—and all at once the rosy, helpful light of dawn flushed the frowning sea.

"Look!" the skipper whispered.

"A new day!" the new day is broke!"

"A new day!" said he.

—Dr. Luke of the Labrador, by Norman Duncan



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Mark 10:13-22.—"Jesus beholding him loved him." The Saviour saw the great possibilities in this young man. With his youth, fine character, influence, great possessions, he could have done so much for the Kingdom. He might have become another Paul amongst the Apostles. But love of his wealth stood in the way of his giving Christ the chief place in his heart, and so he lost all that is best and highest in life.

Monday, Mark 10:23-34.—"An hundredfold now." God is never in any man's debt, and He repays exactly what is lent to Him. Only those who have given up all for the Lord know how lovingly and bountifully He repays. "Happy in Him who hath loved us and bought us."

Filled with the life that He gives to His own, Rich with the peace passing all understanding. Every need met through access to His Throne.

Tuesday, Mark 10:35-52.—"Grant unto us that we may sit . . . in Thy Glory." The sons of Zebedee asked for the two chief places in the Kingdom, but they did not ask for fellowship in the Lord's suffering. They wanted positions for which they had not troubled to prepare themselves. The Saviour "went about doing good," but these men wanted to "sit" and direct and control others. Lord, deliver us from the same desire and spirit!

Wednesday, Mark 11:1-11.—"The Lord hath need of him." It is wonderful to think that the Lord should "need" anything human. We may be as rough and untrained as this colt, but the Lord will use us if we are loosed and given to Him. The colt could not untie itself, neither can we; but at the Saviour's word we can be freed from all that hinder. Then He will guide and direct our path through life.

Thursday, Mark 11:23-25.—"He was hungry." Though the Saviour had miraculously provided food for the multitudes, He performed no miracle to meet His own need. He, the Lord of all, was content to go hungry, that He might "make like unto His brethren" (Hebrews 2:17). He sympathizes as no one else can with all the hungry and needy in the world to-day. If we can help them, let us hasten to do so; one day we shall hear Him say, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat."

Friday, Mark 11:24-33.—"When ye stand praying, forgive them." Why? Because we cannot expect forgiveness from God if we will not grant it to others. The spirit which bears grudges, and will not forgive, has done terrible harm even amongst the people of God wherever it has been allowed to creep in. Resolve in God's strength that you will keep clear of the evil of an unforgiving spirit.

Saturday, Mark 12:1-12.—"They knew that He had spoken the parable against them." The Saviour had not pointed a moral, but their consciences convicted them as He pictured their own conduct acted out by others. There is an interpreter in every man's heart, but sometimes the conscience is each of us asserts itself. Let us listen to it and obey its voice.

The Gentle Hint

He Denied Himself Thrive

The comments of local newspapers on the Army's affairs are often amusing to those who are initiated into the mysteries of Army rank, custom, and precedence but sometimes the comment of a news manager to hit the mark in delicate fashion. One such devoted two lines to Self-Denial in a paper which came out a few hours after the beginning of the street in this Self-Denial Week, and wrote, stand work. "By the way," he wrote, but sometimes the conscience is each of us asserts itself. Let us listen to it and obey its voice.

If I could e'er repay the love
My Mother gave to me,
By one life-long devotion
How happy I would be.

—A prisoner's regret.

"Mother"



MOTHER!
What a word to grip one's imagination; what a word to move one's heart! Next to the gift of His Own Son, the greatest gift to the world! And this because God recognized that the greatest need of the world was the need of mothers.

What an article could be written on the great mothers of great sons. One would wish to go back to the mother of Moses, and then down the ages to the mother of Augustine, and still on to the mother of the Wesleys, and then to our own Mother of The Army, with the mother of our Lord standing out in clear relief above them all.

I sometimes wonder what is the great gift which The Salvation Army is making to the world of to-day. About this there may be many opinions, but surely they too are making a great contribution to the motherhood of the world. We think first of Mrs. General Booth and then on to the most obscure mother of the small-est Corps.

Who is at the back of much of the service of our Local Officers, our Bandmen and Songsters, our Soldiers? Mother! Think of the Cadets in the Training Garrison; the many Officers on the Field; the Missionary Officers occupying the hazardous places of our fire-flaming battle line. How came this modern host of saints and warriors there in the forefront

"MOTHER"

That the Mothers of to-day may make the Mothers' Day of Tomorrow

By LT.-COMMISSIONER RICH

of the line of service and sacrifice? Because behind them, or nearly all of them, is one who has been the inspiration of their warfare from their earliest youth, Mother!

But my pen is eager to write of my own mother, and I am sure that yours would be just as ready if you could but give it the opportunity. I will write of my mother, and you will think of yours, and, so writing and reading together, there will swell up within the hearts of each of us a great joy that God has given us such a gracious evidence of His love for us.

How can I present my mother to you? Her photograph reminds me of so much, but if it were possible to read all that has been in her heart these many years, and for me to tell it out, you surely would rejoice with me. I think of so many of her qualities which have been my pride and are so to-day. Her intellectual capacity, her keen sense of right and wrong and of justice which have held her children's respect, and of all who have known her.

My mother has a large sense of humour which has helped her and others over many a rough place, and helped her to turn some perilous corners, as well as to relieve some awkward situations.

My mother has the quality of eternal youth—at least, I think so. She is eighty this month, and as young as ever; sometimes she seems younger than her children. This same youthfulness has enabled her to be a companion, a friend, to her children, as well as a mother.

Then my mother has a tremendous

sense of truth. I have never known her to say anything that was not strictly true. I cannot remember her saying anything I would like to forget. Yet she is so puritan; always generous to the frailties of others;



"My Mother."

never narrow, but broadminded, yet always standing for the truth.

My mother is a woman of high moral courage. I have stood with her in the storm, and her courage has never failed. Life could deal no harder blows than have fallen upon her—sickness, loss, bereavement; and so-

rows, too, that go deeper down than any of these; difficulties that could never be put into words, but her courage has been equal to them all.

But the biggest thing about my mother is the highest of her heart. Confined to her room by ill-health, cut off from human contact by deafness—in spirit she follows The Army Flag everywhere. She is a voracious reader of all Army news. In spirit she is always on the march.

Yet, it is the qualities of her heart that make her great—great to me. Her long-suffering patience, her long suffering for the unfortunate, forgiveness for the erring, sympathy and understanding; and like the Master Whom she so devotedly serves, a love that is unlimited.

That's it, her religion is a very real thing; she has a big, an unbounded faith in God.

Now you have caught a glimpse of you will forgive me if my heart has gone out in writing about her and calling to her across the miles. Have you seen your mother—I think some of you have. Come, then, let us think God together—let us strive to be worthy.

And, do you know, I cannot close this article without another word. To those who are the mothers of to-day. Do you not see what a wonderful heritage you can hand on to your own sons and daughters? All that I have said about my mother may, by God's grace, be said about you, and so in the years to come, when you and I and the rest of us have passed away, our boys and girls will be saying just the same things about you—and their father too, I trust—and so shall the old, old word be true over and over again—"Their children rise up and call them blessed."

After all, that is the highest ideal of Mother's Day—that the Mothers of to-day may make the Mother's Day of to-morrow.

In the Northern Territory of India, at a place named Rura, quite close to the Campore of historic note, The Salvation Army has a School for boys of the Criminal Tribes, and in this School we have a very creditable Drum and Fife Band. The boys who compose the Band love to go to the villages around, to play, to sing and to testify, and some really good Meetings have been held in many of the villages by the Officers of the School, with these boys.

During the last Self-Denial Effort it was arranged that the Band, accompanied by the Officer and his wife, should go to a small town some ten miles away from the School. The boys asked that they might be allowed to play and collect at the villages on the way. This they did, and with very good results. On the return journey some of the smaller boys got very tired, and someone suggested that a few cents of the money collected might be spent to take them to a station near to the school. One of the boys, just as tired as the rest, spoke up and said: "No, we do not want to do that. Jesus walked many miles of roads just like these for us, and we ought to do this for Him." This thought stirred the hearts of the boys as they trudged along the road that seemed extra long on account of their tiredness, but they did it for Jesus' sake.

A Special Day

On the way they went out every day for a week. All the surrounding villages were visited, and a considerable amount of money was collected. The Self-Denial Effort was a success. One day while they were collecting, they came to the Canal Bungalow, and one of the officials, who happened to be there, was much interested in their singing and playing. He gave them ten dollars for the Self-Denial Effort, and some cake for the boys. They would not have been real boys had they not thought that a very special day, would they?

The very best of all, however, was the blessing which came to the hearts of the little boys as they walked along the hot, dusty roads. They had Self-Denied something of the real joy of Self-Denial, and when the end of the Effort arrived

Army Youth in Northern India

By MRS. MAJOR WATKINS

they felt sorry to give up doing that which had brought them so much happiness, because they had done it for Jesus' sake!

The Cadets of the "Warrior Session" now in Training at the Northern India Training Garrison are rejoicing over their Self-Denial victories. The Effort began with the Week of Prayer, in which Offi-

cers and Cadets participated. A lecture was given in the Training Garrison concerning the Self-Denial Effort throughout the world, and then a start was made in the actual collecting.



Cadets in the Punjab Training Garrison who have come from The Army's Social Institutions—Boarding Schools and Criminal Tribes Settlements.

cers and Cadets participated. A lecture was given in the Training Garrison concerning the Self-Denial Effort throughout the world, and then a start was made in the actual collecting.

In the immediately preceding Sessions the women-Cadets have outdone the men-Cadets, but this year the position was reversed! However, all the Cadets smashed their Targets, and one Cadet

troubled his! It was street collecting, pure and simple.

There of the men-Cadets who were appointed to collect in the railway station of the Lahore city became much discouraged through many refusals, so they got into an empty goods wagon on a railway siding, and prayed for courage to continue. Courage came, and victory, too.

Mrs. Adjutant Hughes and the women-Cadets went round singing. As they were singing in a certain street, an imposing Indian wedding procession came along. The master of ceremonies stopped the procession and calling the Cadets near to the bridal carriage, said: "Sing us a song for good luck." The Cadets sang a translation of the 24th Psalm: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Such a crowd gathered round that there was scarcely room or air enough for them to sing, but they sounded forth the message clearly and plainly to those who would receive the blessing from the Lord must have clean hands and a pure heart. Surely it was a good omen for the future of the bride and bridegroom that they should meet just such a singing company on their wedding day.

The proprietor of a large store in the Indian portion of the city gave a donation and said, "I would like to know something about your Society. If you would supply me with some literature, giving information concerning your aims and activities, I should be glad." He has been supplied with pamphlets and papers and, from a little interest in our organization may be led to have a great interest in our Lord and Master.

In the picture herewith are shown the Cadets at present in the Training Garrison, Lahore, who have come to us through the activities of the Social Work. Seventeen fine young men and women are these.

To each one an interest in the Society. But to Rhona—the woman-Cadet in the centre of the bottom row—attaches a story of unusual interest. She was born a member of the Bhauri Criminal Tribe. Her ancestry includes murderers, dacoits, robbers of violence, and all manner of crimes have been perpetrated by those with whom Rhona has to own relationship. However, when Rhona was quite a small girl, her parents were seen by a government official to a settlement under the care of The Salvation Army. Here, in the Junior Meetings, she learned about the love of God, and Jesus Christ has a very real place in her heart.

Through Great Difficulties

For some time she has had a desire to become a Salvation Army Officer, but she has had to struggle through great difficulties in order to get to the Training Garrison. When she applied for Officership, her mother wrote to the government stating that her daughter was being enticed into Salvation Army Service against her (Rhona's) will, and in order to be a member of the Salvation Army Rhona had to declare before a magistrate that no undue pressure had been brought to bear upon her, but that it was her own great desire that she might become a Salvation Army Officer. When she was freed by government, her mother tore up the clothes that Rhona had been so carefully preparing, burned her shoes, and in every possible way persecuted her and endeavoured to prevent Rhona from entering the Training Garrison. Rhona declared, however, that whatever happened with regard to clothing, or anything else, she was determined to trust in God, for she was sure He had called her to take this step.

She is a picture of peace and confidence as she goes about her duties as a Cadet, and she has no fear regarding the future, knowing that God has given her the courage to break away from the customs and fetters of the tribe into which she was so unfortunate as to be born. She is truly an illustration of the statement we love to shout and sing—

"For the Lion of Judah can break every chain, And give us the victory again and again."

A Missionary Journey

BRIGADIER AND MRS. PENNICK

At Calgary

The visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick on a recent Thursday evening was most delightful, and a real privilege. It took the enjoyable form of a Lantern Lecture; some beautiful slides were shown, and the singing of the Brigadier and his wife was an inspiration. The Band and Songsters were out in full force, and rendered good service, the Songsters singing "Prayer Changes things," one of the Brigadier's own compositions.—H.I.

And Regina

On April 21st we had the great pleasure of hearing Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick, this being the introductory Meeting of their week-end Campaign with us. There was a good gathering in the Citadel to hear their most interesting lecture, and the Brigadier's graphic description of work in that far-off land of China, and Mrs. Pennick's descriptions of places and people.

All Sunday our Missionary visitors were still with us, and profitable, soul-stirring times were experienced. In the morning the Holiness Meeting was rousing and helpful, both the Brigadier and his wife speaking; in the afternoon we were treated to another interesting lecture. At night the Citadel Band and Songsters contributed much to the blessing of the Meeting; Mrs. Pennick's stirring address was rousing to a degree. After a stiff battle we had the joy of seeing three seekers at the Mercy-Seat. We enjoyed a very blessed week-end with these visitors—W.G.W.

And Winnipeg

"It was in the early days of 1916, during the Great War, when the submarine menace made it impossible to get Officers from England to China with any degree of safety that the General gave us orders to leave India, where we had labored for ten years, and proceed to Peking." Thus the missionary visitors, Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick, come to have the privilege of aiding in the Christianising of a portion of the vast country of China.

Room could scarcely be made to seat the crowds which desired to see and hear the visitors during the weekend, and from the commencement, Sunday morning, there was prevalent a heart-gripping power and a soul-deepening influence. Laughter, tears, and Hallelujahs followed nearly every incident related by the Brigadier and his wife during the day. Just read the following, and wonder not why it was the Founder's dying wish that The Army should go to China:

The medical treatment given to a young woman: She had to drink the ash of charmed paper in water. In twenty minutes her body was punched with needles. Sixteen hot bricks were placed on her legs. She was made to eat a mud brick burnt to a cinder. She was placed in the boiling mixture of the leaves of five trees. Her mother, brothers and sisters had to bump their heads on the ground before incense burners every time the girl was seized with cramps. She had to eat an old straw hat boiled in water, and also drink the water in which seven big black beetles had been boiled.

"Some Topic"

Then The Army came her way, and the Officers gave her proper medical attention. She and her family are now Salvationists, and the girl is almost recovered.

"Wasn't that some tonic?" The Bandmaster said to the writer at the close of the Holiness Meeting, and it certainly was. "Out of you shall flow rivers of living water," was the text upon which the Brigadier based his talk. He very ably put the scene in its Eastern setting and very cleverly and effectively made the spiritual application. We are glad that more than many thirsty ones drank that morning.

A large gathering in the afternoon thoroughly enjoyed the informative talk on the situation in China, political and religious. To illustrate the latter, the Brigadier had a large number of interesting objects, incense burners, models of Buddha, and small temples, and also some of the paper money which is burned periodically, and which the Chinese believe goes to their ancestors in the other world, and keeps them from becoming poor.

STORIES FROM CHINA

By BRIGADIER WM. PENNICK



A Prayer Needing no Answer

"Lord, do not let the Missionaries save all the heathen before I can grow up and help them." This was the boyish prayer of Ensign George Lancaster, now Sectional Officer in Cheng Ting Fu, in the Province of Chihli. He has no illusions now, and no ill-founded fears that occasion for self-sacrifice will fail him.

Sleeping with the Dead.

The train is about to pull out for Cheng Ting Fu, and the Ensign is aboard. It is 2 a.m. on an early March morning, and penetrating wind from over the Gobi Desert is filling the air with dust. The Ensign has secured his sleeping berth. It is his own blanket spread upon the floor of a coal truck. To screen him from the biting wind he has the freight-car side on his left, and on his right a ponderous Chinese coffin in which is the body of a military official being conveyed to the family burying ground. It is not altogether an unmixing blessing that the temperature is below zero!

A crowd of military soldiers off to the front fill the remaining space in the car. Conversation opens by these passengers questioning the Ensign as to the object of his journey, and easily the talk comes around to the story of Jesus and the Salvation of God. Sleep at last claims them all.

Waking in the early dawn, the Officer finds the car empty, and is not altogether unappreciative of the fact that his fellow travellers have left him with his blankets.

Arrested as a Spy—

Feasted as a Guest

The railway was in the hands of the military, no passengers were being carried, and yet the road to D.H.Q. led through the military zone. But Lieutenant Huo, of The Salvation Army, felt he must get to Fengshu, both for advice on urgent matters, and in order that he might see how his European Officer comrades were faring. Challenged en route by the military, he was accused of espionage,

arrested, and held a prisoner to await the pleasure of the commanding officer.

Evening came, and imagine his relief when the commanding officer, after a series of close questionings, disclosed the fact that he himself was one of a company of men who had been nursed from wounds to health by a company of Salvation Army Officers some months before.

Suspicion turned to friendship. Lieut. Huo was made the principal guest at a feast prepared in his honour, and in the morning he departed carrying a free pass, charging



Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick.

all concerned in the military ranks to assist him forward on his journey.

Tied to a Stake and Nearly

Burned Alive

Captured by bandits, the subject of this story was first fearfully wounded, and then tied to a stake for the sport of his captors. To lighten their pleasure in his sufferings, kerosene was poured over him, and he was threatened with death by burning if he did not confess to the place of some supposed hidden wealth.

Failure to make this confession, and the staunchness with which he faced his foes, resulted in a lighted match being applied to his oil-saturated clothes. A few hours afterwards he was discovered by our Adjutant Darc. The fire had left terrible burns; he was in almost mortal agony; the frost had added to his sufferings. It took weeks on the part of the Adjutant to restore him some degree of health, and one cannot but imagine that with that return of physical health, there came also the joy of Salvation in Jesus.

It took some time to convince him that his chances for Salvation were just as good as they were twenty-three years ago, because he has sinned much since then, but the message of the morning was given to him. "If any man thirst let him come."

Mrs. Commissioner Rich Presiding

On Monday night, preceding the illustrated lecture, Mrs. Commissioner Rich prayed, "How glad we are that Jesus loves us." It was this gladness welling up in our hearts that made the great crowd of Salvationists and friends

SALVATION IN THE LUMBER CAMPS OF ALBERTA

A lumber camp trip, undertaken by Captain Leisher and Lieut. Thorstein (Edson), furnishes some interesting reading. Writes the Captain:

"We have been out to the Pat Margan tie and lumber camp thirty-eight miles from Edson, and the journey was made by sleigh and team; for this, permission was obtained to go with Mr. Grant, a Christian man who freights provisions to the camp."

"The trip took us two days and there was quite a heavy load on the sleigh. We stayed a night at the half-way house, a log cabin once used by a fur trader in the district. Here we prepared supper on a stove left in the hut and then, after prayers, rolled up in our blankets. In the morning we arose from our bed of hay and were away early, called at a trapper's cabin to leave him his mail. At noon we reached a stopper house which was used in the days when teams passed by on their way to Grande Prairie."

"On arrival at the camp we were greeted by the clerk who gave us a piece of pie 'like mother used to make' after supper with the aid of our old friend the banjo, sang choruses with the men and spoke to them of the deeper things of life until a late hour. We then read the Bible and had prayer. The men seemed to enjoy our visit and invited us to come again."

WON BY LOVE

A child of the wilds in Southern Mexico found herself in serious trouble, and finally, force of circumstances drove her into one of the northern States. The police courts and State institutions dealt roughly with her, and at the expiration of her first term of imprisonment she became a recognized outlaw. A hunted creature, she was rounded up on every occasion when public resentment demanded the interference of the police. Eventually she got into such trouble as was beyond the power of the law to handle, and she entered an Army Home.

Her first act when shown to a dormitory was to attack, and severely beat, the Officer who was with her. The Officer prayed for divine guidance, and asked the matron to be allowed to wait on her attacker. The request was granted, and the Officer tried the language that all can understand. Eventually the fiery little Mexican broke down. Her soul aroused the Home family that night, and all the while the whole of the Officers were around her and prayers of praise to God rose Heaven high over another sinner who had repented.

The Regeneration of Elsie

Elsie was an incorrigible kleptomaniac. After sundry fruitless attempts to teach her honest ways, most of those who took an interest in her lost all hope of her reformation. Even the Social Officers under whose influence she came found their efforts unavailing. It almost seemed that taking things that were not her own, and denying all knowledge of the theft, was a mental disease with Elsie. For several years, straight dealing, tender pleading, tears, and despairing entreaties all failed to affect her until she sought Salvation. Then Elsie became a new woman. After proving her worth she was introduced to a responsible position, which she has filled with satisfaction for the last three years. She is doing a noble service as a Salvationist in the camps to which she belongs.

sing so heartily, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

The various slides shown, especially those dealing with The Army work in China created great interest, and enthusiasm, and as Adjutant Arc happily put it, in voicing the thanks of all to the three men who were to our aid, on the eve of our great Self-Denial Effort is most opportune; now watch us move over the top." We trust this may be so.

As stated, Mrs. Commissioner Rich supported our comrades on Monday, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stewart aided the visitors on Sunday.—J.R.W.

THE GENERAL in Sheffield

Lord-Mayor who was Dedicated by the Founder

THE world over Salvationists are interested in the goings and doings of the General, and it will be no small feat to all such to know that the Campaign which he recently conducted in Sheffield was blessed by immediate and rich results, for which we give God the glory, and we have every reason for believing that the future will disclose yet other gratifying and God-honouring fruits. There were 127 seekers at the Mercy-Seat, an unusually fine proportion of them being young men, but the gracious influences of the Campaign were many and varied, says the London "War Cry," and provocative of thoughts which will have an outcome in action in days to be.

One interesting incident was related by the Lord-Mayor of Sheffield, Alderman Moses Humberstone, who presided at the General's lecture on the Sunday afternoon, when he said that, sixty-seven years before, he had first met The Army Founder, who, in a little Lincolnshire chapel, had christened him, saying, "I have given him the name of a great leader of men; I pray that, in years to come, he may live up to that name." "I hope," concluded Sheffield's first citizen, "when my time's run, that it may be said of me that I tried to do something in that direction!"

With hearty words of welcome he presented the General to the enthusiastic gathering, and what a rousing response those warm-spirited Yorkshire folk offered The Army's Leader! Just such answers as the Canadians would give, Eh?

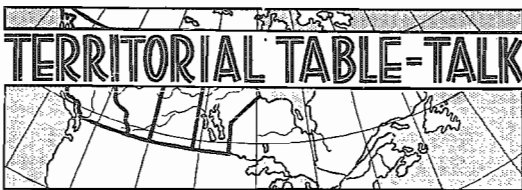
Mrs. General Booth

A Plain Spoken Religion at Bath

The British "War Cry" gives an interesting account of Mrs. Booth's recent visit to the ancient city of Bath, and records thirty-eight seekers at the Mercy-Seat. Those who have had the privilege of hearing the wife of our General will appreciate the remark of a man who went away from one of the Meetings saying:

"Ah! that's what I like—plainness of speech, no fantastical words, and real warmth of heart—the likes of us can understand that."

An interesting recollection of early-day fighting was given by the Deputy-Mayor of the City, who was present at the afternoon Meeting, and who "brought down the house" as he told of his association with The Army in Bath at the time when its Officer was sent to jail for obstruction. He was on the platform at the Welcoming of that Officer, who rode from the jail gates to the Hall on a white charger. This comrade, Lieutenant, now Major, Effer, was present to hear the story told, and enjoyed with the audience the enthusiastic oratory of this warm-hearted friend.



Winnipeg, May 3rd

Anything concerning Commissioner Bregle is of deep concern to all Army comrades. The New York "War Cry" reports that he is making satisfactory progress following a second operation at the Homeopathic Hospital at East Orange, N.J. We surely pray that these good reports may continue.

An interesting Old Country promotion is that of Lt.-Colonel Frank Sharpe, who attains this rank after a service of thirty-seven years. The Colonel is one of the front rank workers in the I.H.Q. Subscribers Department. He is the father of Captain Leslie Sharpe, of our Immigration Services, and has also another son and a daughter in the ranks of Officership. We'll be glad to see you, Colonel.

Another advancement at International Headquarters which is not without interest for Officers and Soldiers in Canada West is that of Staff-Captain Hal Beckett to the rank of Major. Congratulations are always in order in such a connection. The Major holds the position of Sub-Editor of the "Officers," and Mrs. Beckett's articles are always welcome in the Editorial den.

Said a lady telephone operator recently, "Tell Brigadier — that he always gets quick service because he often says, 'God bless you' to us; but tell that other man that he —" Well, we leave it at that.

Officers and Comrades in all parts of the Territory will be interested in the departure of Adjutant and Mrs. Greenaway for the Southland Territory of the United States. The Adjutant farewelled on Monday night, last, from his appointment at the Vancouver D.H.Q. and goes to take similar duty in the South Carolina Division. We wish them the best of blessings and much success; a wish which was well expressed in a farewell message sent to them by the Commissioner on the eve of their departure.

Adjutant and Mrs. Fox and family have also passed the Line and are taking an appointment in the Southern States. We give them our comradely blessing, and pray that they will have much joy in their new sphere.

Young Earl Habkirk is coming into fame. We see that his chorus—"Happy and glad and free"—recently published in our pages, is obtaining further usefulness per the "New York Cry."

The Conquering Saviour Can Break Every Chain

By Commissioner J. Allister Smith

eight employees. He was next to the Adjutant in charge. I have seen him skillfully operating a six-furrow plough. Struck down one day by sunstroke, he was told that he would not recover. Calmly bidding his relatives farewell, imparting advice to all to be true to God and The Army, this comrade, who was Sergeant-Major of his Corps, uttered his last words. They were: "Wash me, and put on me my best uniform, for I am going to see Jesus."

Look at his beginning, naked at the Penitence-Form, and look at such a finish. Surely such work is worth while!

Look now at an Open-Air in Nairobi—At the conclusion, I had pressed instant decision on the crowd of natives who had listened so intently to the Gospel story. Soon the penitents quite surrounded the drum as they cried for Salvation. A second, a third, a fourth, a fifth were named. Till Heaven came on earth to a sixty-five who sought Salvation in that Open-Air service.

Then the saved become saviours. Our

Owing to Mrs. McCauley's continued ill-health, and the medical fears about her ability to contend with the extremes of the Southland climate, the Adjutant and family have returned to this Territory. Mrs. McCauley is under treatment in Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, while the Adjutant is taking temporary duty at Port Arthur.

We hear that our dear friend and comrade, Mrs. Major Bob Smith, has been unable to attend any Meetings for the past two months. She is an ardent soldier at Victoria as far as her strength will allow, and we can well imagine that the Officers and Comrades there will give her a hearty welcome back when next she is able to take her place on the Citadel platform.

Major Oake is all aglow with the felicities of the Campaign at Brandon; he sings—"The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave."

Staff-Captain R. Clarke is digging in with the Winnipeg Drive; practices and purposes and pursuits galore. The special Campaign Headquarters at 323 Main Street is a hive of industry and faith.

We regret to hear, just as we go to press, that Captain Edna Jones, of the Winnipeg Grace Hospital, has undergone an operation for appendicitis, but equally glad to report that she is "quite comfortable and doing nicely." Another Grace Hospital comrade who has been off duty and on the sick list for some time is Captain Mary May, but she also is making good progress.

The final farewell of Ensign and Mrs. Talbot to Canada West is set for next Monday night at Winnipeg Citadel. Our comrades have been undertaking some intensive studies at the Garrison, and are now proceeding to London en route for their appointment as Training Officers in Nigeria, West Africa.

A college professor, being ferried across a stream, asked the boatman, "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never heard of it." "Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life is gone." Presently the boat tipped over and both fell into the water. "Can you swim?" asked the boatman. "No." "Then the whole of your life is gone."

The Field Secretary Campaigns in the Interests of Self-Denial

The Field Secretary, Brigadier Taylor, has, with characteristic energy during the past week or so, campaigned at a number of important centres in the interests of the Self-Denial Effort. The Brigadier's forceful and enlightening presentation of The Army's world-wide activities and the pressing needs involved, has been the means of stirring Officers and Comrades, as well as large audiences to a strenuous endeavour on behalf of the Fund.

At Moose Jaw, on Thursday night, the Brigadier launched the Self-Denial Campaign in the Citadel, the comrades being stimulated to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Introduced to a large audience by Staff-Captain Tuttle, the Divisional Commander, the Brigadier gave a masterly and fascinating lecture on The Army's manifold activities, illustrated by dissolving lantern views. All hearts were wonderfully inspired and the gathering closed with a resolution of strict determination that the Effort must be carried to a victorious conclusion. Our best thanks are due to the Brigadier for his visit.

In the United Church at Maple Creek, the Brigadier again lectured to an appreciative audience. Many hearts were deeply moved by the marvellous zeal of our Missionary Officers toiling for God and souls in distant lands, and without a doubt great good was accomplished. Lieutenant Jones added to the enjoyment of the evening with a well-rendered solo "The Old Rugged Cross," and Staff-Captain Tuttle gave valuable assistance in operating the lantern.

Captain O'Donnell, the Commanding Officer of Maple Creek, is full of faith for the Effort and victory is assured.—H.T.

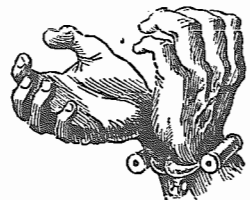
Medicine Hat Comrades were fortunate in having the Field Secretary conduct a Sunday Campaign. Great interest was evinced and the Brigadier's addresses were the means of great blessing and inspiration to the crowds which gathered in the Citadel. Two young people surrendered at the close of the Holiness Meeting which was a spiritual feast to our souls and at night a rousing Salvation battle took place. The Corps Officers, Captains Stevenson and Little, gave splendid assistance.

The comrades of Medicine Hat are all alive on the subject of Self-Denial and it will not be long we hope before our Target is smashed. Great interest was aroused on Saturday night by the appearance of a float showing various world-wide activities of The Army. The Band played, Juniors sang Indian choruses and the crowds listened to the talks given with close attention.—S.S.

Adjutant Fletcher, assisted by Lieutenant Erickson, from the Winnipeg Scandinavian Corps, is holding on at New Westminster. Having a good Self-Denial, we trust.

The Training Garrison authorities announce a special Historical Pageant and Tableaux for Tuesday next, the 8th inst., entitled "The Scottish Covenanters—Some Lessons for Salvationists of To-day." A good evening can be predicted.

funds without which much of this grand work could not be done. Let it be remembered, too, that The Army must needs evangelize the non-Christian lands



and help the helpless, for are not its marching orders very emphatic? "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?"

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-
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General Order

Mothers' Day will be observed
throughout the Territory on Sun-
day, May 13th.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

A Call to the Altar

There is a call which comes to
every sincere follower of Jesus Christ,
and certainly to every Salvationist;
it is, that we shall follow in His
steps. He said, "If any man will fol-
low Me . . . let him deny himself,"
and while we do not seek to place any
mundane construction on those holy
words, we do feel that they constitute
a loud call to every individual com-
rade of the Army.

We surely are departing very far
from our first intentions if we make
our giving to God, and our self-
denying, only through the efforts of
others. Some of us are very ener-
getic in calling on others to do their
part, thinking that our own small
share is too small to be necessary;
whereas, in fact, it constitutes the
very essence of the scheme, both in
the mind and heart of God Himself,
and in the purposes of our Army
Leaders.

An enthusiasm which only calls on
others is worth nothing at all. We
must have a zeal which puts ourselves
into the forefront of the battle—giv-
ing ourselves to God, so that we not
only bring a sense of joy and peace
to our own hearts, but we encourage
those who may be less able to under-
stand the correct attitude of a fol-
lower of Jesus Christ, and then,
greatest joy of all, we know that
those who gather around the Throne
of His Salvation are the true fruits
of our own sowing and giving.

"I beseech you," said Paul the
Apostle, "that ye present yourselves,"
and surely that means all that we
are, and all that we have.

*Dear Saviour, I can never repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.*

Motherhood

THE genius of motherhood is a natural
endowment, but like all other innate
gifts it is capable of improvement and
evolution. Knowledge of a particular
kind enlarges its application; that state
of mind which we indicate by the word
culture charges it with a new significance.

Educated mothers, indeed, are a neces-
sity of civilization, since every new step
which we take is begun in our hearts.
Women themselves have awakened to
their need. They are turning eagerly to
the sources of knowledge. As girls they
show in many cases an astonishing dili-
gence; as mothers their ideals are high.

It is well, indeed, it is more than well,
that this is so. The duties of motherhood
and the care of children, when
means are not adequate, is thus changed
from a sullen task to a brave adventure.

And here may we say how terribly short
of a full accomplishment of the calling of
motherhood does the woman fall who looks
not ahead to the needs of her children,
but who shall rise up and call her blessed!"

(Cont. Foot Col. 4)



Thursday, December 2nd, 1926.—At
Singapore. Weather very warm and
humid. Some mosquito bites this morn-
ing—result of our ride last night. But
that will pass.

My waking thoughts laid hold of this
in my reading:

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens;
and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the
clouds.

Thy righteousness is like the great
mountains; Thy judgments are a great
deep.

What wealth of imagery! What breadth
of outlook!

Cunningham (Commissioner) went to
speak to the Chinese students here; had
a good time. We resumed conferences on
our work in these parts. Cables.

Resumed with Palstra (Lieut.-Commis-
sioner) and continued conference on the
Dutch Indies till 1.15. Very close review
of our position. We are undoubtedly
gaining ground with the Mohammedans
—but not winning many. Celebes is the
best field. I feel, however, that we are
doing right to hold on to that section of
the population.

Some time on cables. Our Code, alas!
is not by any means perfect.

About 5 o'clock, in the midst of dicta-
tion, Canon Green called to say that the
Bishop of Singapore, my Chairman to-
night, had fallen downstairs and will not
be able to come!

Far East Opportunities, but

Men Wanted

His Excellency, Major-General Theodor
Fraser, presided in place of the
Bishop, and did his part very well. I
Lectured—a mixture, with a good deal of
personal religion—and seemed to make an
impression. Subsequent speakers, im-
portant men, including Hon. John Mit-
chell. He and others asked me to open
Army Work here. Mr. M. said: "We

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

(Continued from last week)

on our part, are ready to do our duty!"
If only I had men, I would at once put a
man down at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and
here.

Friday, 3rd.—Restless night. An imp
of a mosquito (just one!) got inside my
net and strove his utmost to eat me up!
—Last night's effort looks pleasant this
morning. Oh, how new well-off people!

Dutch Consul-General called. Very
warm about the Leper Appeal. Several
interviews, including Beaumont (Lieut.-
Colonel), Chief Secretary here. He is
returning home next March. Long talk
concerning Japan and Java. Is in good
spirits about the future.
With Smith, cleared up. We do seem
to have a great many matters to deal
with which are not great!

A good Press here, both native and
English journals. Interesting talk to-
day with Gilliard. He and Bernard have
some charming photos.

Our boat, *Queen of the Netherlands*,
said to be sailing at 2 o'clock, but on our
arrival put off till 4.30. She belongs to a
Dutch Company; Lascar crew in part.

We are late, and this will interfere with
our programme for Medan.
A deep sense of gratitude for all my
Father's mercy and care surrounds me.
Reflecting on what I have experienced
during this Campaign, I feel that the
Eadies (Commissioner and Mrs.) have
done a great work for Japan—that we
have not only the immediate Salvation
result of their toil and example to thank
God for, but that we have a largeness of
view and a generous sense of Divine
nearness and power present in the country
for which we may well praise Him.

Hospital Enlargement Urgent

Saturday, 4th.—At sea. Small cabin
and narrow bed notwithstanding, a fair
night. Cooler towards the early hours.
Read from 3 to 4.30 a.m.

Important talk with Wille (Dr. and
Lieut.-Colonel). He feels that the Hos-
pital must be enlarged; 140 beds now, and
sometimes there are up to 180 patients.
There must be something distinctive for
afternoon men (tractable) than in adults. The
Colonel has been out here nineteen years.

At 10.30, met Officers of party. Talked
about progress, etc. Read, and some
prayer. We have now to give up every-

thing at Medan, where we had to go to
spend today, except the evening Meeting
and visiting the Leper Colony nearby
tomorrow.

Several interviews: Palstra (Territorial
Commander in Java), Stewart (Staff-
Captain Christie) now in charge of the
Maternity (chiefly Hospital), and a
number of others. The Institution which
the Government has granted special
help for extensions. Wish we could have
a separate section for children.

Arrived at the port for Sunday at
7.40. Car to Medan immediately. Lec-
ture to Europeans followed. Rather a
disappointment; I was tired. (Governor
of the island to be met very cordial,
and enthusiastic about our Work for
Lepers.

Monday, 6th.—At sea. Yesterday (Sun-
day) one of the most intensely moving
and deeply interesting days of my life.

On a Leper Colony

After a short and disturbed night at
the Hotel Medan, left at 8 o'clock for
Poeloe Si Tjanjang. This is a Leper
Colony situated on an island six miles by
four, with a front of an arm of the sea.
Years ago the island was given to a
Committee for leper work, and is used by
us at their request. We can receive here
four hundred afflicted people. Of the
present occupants, about forty are women
and the remainder fifty are Mohammedans.

Received on arrival on the Colony by
Officers and employees; then by a gather-
ing of all lepers. About 250 were able to
attend. A sad, a lamentable, a terrible
spectacle! Such disfigurement I never
thought to witness. They sang a welcome
to me. And as they sang it was
plain to see that many of them have a
very hard task cannot give or suffering
take away.

Visited the various buildings, includ-
ing that used as a Hospital. The Moham-
medans organized a separate welcome—
"LANG LEVER OTTER GENERAL."

Saw the treatment of wounds given on
as usual. Much done by a brave
woman-Officer, most skilful and patient
—but an awful business!

My heart went out to these Officers as
never before. Visited the Quarters, and
conducted a Meeting in the Hall, at which
some 250 people were present. Some of
these were carried in on the backs of
others—both women and men. All clean,
many in the red jackets of Salvation
Army Soldiers. Several of the Sergeants
particularly alert. Some came to the
Penitent-Form—"to give up"—to con-
fess—to seek God—to be made willing
to submit to the treatment. The
Major in charge and a Swedish woman-
Officer led them in prayer. All seemed
earnest and sincere.

Evil Habits Disappear

The interior life of the Colony very
good just now. When the poor things
first came they often went *indus-*
—gambling, opium, and other evil things—
but these have disappeared. Seven men
away from the Colony during the last
year. Of these five returned within the
year; the other two died suddenly.

Some individual cases deeply stirred
me. Disfigurement is a trial to all, though
many improve in that matter. The com-
pletely helpless are not a large proportion.
The Officers in charge (Major and Mrs.
Scheffer) have been here four years. Com-
mended to me by Colonel van de Gien
(previous Commander, Dutch East Indies)
before I left London. They must have
help!

(To be continued)

The Altar Service—An Appeal

By PAUL OF TARSUS

IT is quite superfluous for me to be writing to you about this char-
itable service to the saints; I know how willing you are—I am proud
of it, I have boasted of you to the Macedonians: "Achaia," I tell them,
"was all ready last year." And your zeal has been a stimulus to the
majority of them.

At the same time I am sending these brothers just in case my
pride in you should prove an empty boast in this particular instance;
I want you to be "all ready," as I have been telling them that you
would be, in case any Macedonians accompany me and find you
are not ready—which would make me (not to speak of yourselves)
ashamed of having been so sure.

That is why I have thought it necessary to ask these brothers
to go on in advance and get your promised contribution ready in
good time. I want it to be forthcoming as a generous gift, not as money
wringing out of you. Mark this, he who sows sparingly will reap
sparingly, and he who sows generously will reap a generous harvest.
Everyone is to give what he has made up his mind to give;
there is to be no grudging or compulsion about it, for God loves the
giver who gives cheerfully. God is able to bless you with ample means,
so that you may always have quite enough for any emergency of your
own and ample besides for any kind act to others; as it is written,
He scatters His gifts to the poor broadcast, His charity lasts for ever.

He who furnishes the sower with seed and with bread to eat will
supply seed for you and multiply it; He will increase the crop of
your charities—you will be enriched on all hands, so that you can be
generous on all occasions, and your generosity, of which I am the
agent, will make men give thanks to God; for the service rendered
by this fund does more than supply the wants of the saints—it
overflows with many a cry of thanks to God.

This service shows what you are, it makes men praise God for
the way you have come under the Gospel of Christ which you confess,
and for the generosity of your contributions to yourselves and to
all; they are drawn to you, and pray for you, on account of the
surpassing grace which God has shown to you. That is why to God
for his unspeakable gift!—2 Corinthians ix. (Moffatt's Translation.)

or otherwise. We who have been brought
up with good mothers can scarcely get into
the feelings of those men and boys whose
mothers were a curse to them, whose
memory is often a horror.

And there is, we think, only one way
by which any woman can attain to that
high rank; it is by the Way of God's
Help—a path which is open to all of
us, we know, but which was surely never
first for the mothers of the world.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Colonel Miller Undergoes Serious Operation

The Commissioner has received a telegram from Vancouver which indicates that the aural trouble from which the Chief Secretary has been suffering for the past few weeks is a more serious character than it was previously thought to be.

Acted upon the very splendid advice which has been at his disposal on the part of the medical staff of Grace Hospital, Vancouver, where he has been in residence since his arrival at the Coast, the Colonel submitted to an operation on Tuesday, and we are indeed happy to say that the report indicates a successful treatment.

The Colonel's condition is regarded as favourable, but we feel sure that all Officers and Comrades will continue to pray for physical and spiritual grace for him, also for Mrs. Miller and Miss Miller, both of whom are with him.

It is a happy coincidence that Miss Miller is now a member of the nursing staff of Vancouver, and so able to be of assistance to Lt.-Colonel Payne in those services which one knows she would so excellently render.

VISCOUNTESS WILLINGDON

pays Official Visit to Vancouver

Grace Hospital

One of those gracious acts which are so fast endearing their Excellencies, the Governor-General and Viscountess Willingdon, to the loyal people of the Dominion, was performed on Monday last, when Lady Willingdon and her personal staff paid an official visit to Vancouver Grace Hospital.

It is very pleasing to Salvationists throughout this country to know the deep personal interest which His Majesty's representatives take in the work of The Army, and to realise that such notice is born of close contact with us in this and other lands.

This fact gives to their latest mark of interest a very intimate touch, and we put on record our appreciation of the fact that our youngest "Daughter of Grace" has been signalled out for a visit.

It may readily be imagined that Her Excellency's kin interest would be well responded to by Lt.-Colonel Payne, who is working in his hospital place in the Hospital in line with the sister institutions in the Dominion; a work in which she is not only loyally supported by her efficient staff of Officers and Nurses, and the medical men who have rallied to our aid, but which we wish to mention has won high reputation for devoted service which the Ho-ital has attained throughout the Province of British Columbia.

That this work and reputation will be encouraged and enhanced by Lady Willingdon's warmly worded tributes there is not the slightest doubt.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WYCLIFFE BOOTH

conducts funeral of
BRIGADIER FRED COX

It was singularly choice that Staff-Captain Wycliffe Booth should conduct the funeral of the late Brigadier Fred Cox, whose promotion we announced in our last issue.

The Brigadier was such a loyal Officer and so true a friend of our Founder that this arrangement seemed so very fitting, but when we know that the Staff-Captain was responding to a suggestion made by the late Brigadier, it becomes even more intimate.

A general sent a message to the funeral, which was fully appreciative of the loyal services which our comrade rendered to the Founder and The Army.

BREAD ON THE WATERS

At a recent Campaign conducted by the British Commissioner, Commissioner Turren, at the "Broken Earth" Camps—Norland Castle—he called upon Lieut.-Colonel Iseli to give testimony in regard to his life. He did with great fervour and power, although, so far as was known, no one in the audience understood a word of it. At the close of the day, however, a French-Swiss came to the front. She knew no English, and had been left in a sunder by the witness borne in her own tongue.

The Commissioner's Activities

OUR Territorial Leader leads a busy life these days; affairs at T.H.Q. are many and varied, and without their special responsibility and anxiety, but he manages to squeeze in some important public and private engagements all of which have for their object the furtherance of the Kingdom.

Manitoba Officers' Councils

On Friday last Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele and the Officers of the Manitoba Division, together with the Officers of the Territorial Headquarters and those engaged in the work in the City, gathered for important Councils at the Training Garrison, and the Commissioner took advantage of the occasion to inspire us all to further enthusiastic service.

Naturally the first theme of the day was that of Self-Denial, and we were impressed—not for the first time in our lives—with the tremendous value to The Army of this great Effort, and its particular importance just now to our own Territory. But while we, perforce, had our thoughts mostly in that direction, a fine spiritual impulse was given by the valuable counsel put before us by the Commissioner.

We wish we were at liberty to give a detailed description of the Meetings, but those who have been privileged to attend similar gatherings must visualise them for themselves.

It was a very happy arrangement that we had with us Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick, for their forceful and illustrative talks added vim and colour to the day.

A Last Word on Self-Denial

By THE COMMISSIONER

Just one word more—a last word—but a most important word. See that nothing has been left undone in order to insure a successful completion of the Effort. Take note that your own part has been well done, that you have given of your own substance, so that you can come gladly to the Altar. Give as He gives to you—freely.

The Brigadier's songs caught us up not much less than the choice stories with which his own and Mrs. Pennick's minds are filled. We have prevailed upon ourselves to give us some of these, and if we can pass them on with the same force and appeal as they came to us, surely some will be blessed and many will be helped. (See page 4.)

A Missionary Holiness Meeting

BEING as it was, the last of the very excellent series of central Holiness Meetings and the visit of our comrades from the Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick, the crowded gathering in the Winnipeg Citadel conducted by our Territorial Leader on Friday night last, was a splendid impetus to the Self-Denial Campaign as well as a powerful spiritual uplift.

In view of the fact that the regular Holiness Meetings have been enhanced by a wealth of original song it was not inappropriate that on this occasion the singing should be of a similar nature. But this time instead of the lantern screen being utilized, printed sheets containing the compositions of Brigadier Pennick, an Army composer of no mean merit, were distributed. If, as our comrade remarked, it was an inspiration to him to hear a Western audience do justice to his songs the complacent on the other hand was, without doubt, quite reciprocated by the audience.

The Commissioner, in happy mood, informally introduced the visitors and made mention of the fact that the sight of the Brigadier and his wife awakened within him pleasant memories of the historic Congress Hall at Clapton. He bespoke for them a cordial welcome, which the audience, in typically western fashion, were not slow to give.

Twenty years or thereabouts, is a generous slice of a lifetime to spend in Eastern lands and it was not surprising that the Brigadier and his partner should be eager to tell us of God's dealings in

their eventful lives. Before doing so, however, they were moved to several choice choruses, samples of "our own make" which were enthusiastically sung by the audience and led by the Commissioner. It was then our turn to enjoy one of the Brigadier's compositions rendered with spirit by the Cadets and led by himself. Later Adjutant Davies and Ensign Haynes sang together, "Prevail in me," another gem from the Brigadier's facile pen.

Both the Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick confined themselves largely to spiritual things—in accordance with the nature of the Meeting—their missionary experiences in the past reserved for other gatherings, but our hearts were greatly blessed by the deep searching truths of Holiness which constituted the main burden of our comrades' messages.

Mrs. Pennick's tribute to the influence of her noble father, the late Colonel John Deane, touched our hearts deeply, and her testimony was strong and convincing. Quoting some choice promises from the infallible Word, she referred to God's over-ruling providence seen in all ages and expressed her conviction that a fine spiritual impulse was given by their present words, catch a greater vision of Christ.

The statement that the visitors were bearers of greetings from such worthy comrades as Lt.-Colonel Fugère met in Tokyo, Ensign Charles Swetson, Captain Grace Hoddinott, and Captain and Mrs. Patterson, brought from the audience hearty applause. "Western Canada is well represented and we are very proud of these comrades," said Mrs. Pennick in conclusion.

The Citadel Band rendered an appropriate march, "Canada West," and it was with the closest interest that the packed audience listened to the address given by the Brigadier. Based on the Heavenly Vision seen by Peter, our comrade freely illustrating his points from personal observations in foreign lands, pictured the triumph of faith over the powers of darkness and incidentally many heart-searching questions were put to his listeners as to their spiritual standing.

An eloquent and forceful appeal for surrenders was then made by the Brigadier, followed by a powerful Prayer-Meeting in which four souls knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

And in such fitting manner ended, so far as our united Holiness Meetings were concerned, the last of the series which, under the direction of the Divisional Commander, Staff-Captain Steele, have been so graciously blessed of God.

A Lecture—"Light and Shade"

On Thursday evening last the Commissioner attended another very interesting and influential gathering: the Men's Club of Augustine Church, Winnipeg. The invitation came by reason of the general interest this important congregation has in the work of The Army, but particularly, we think, because of the great concern which Mr. A. L. Crossin, the President of the Club, feels for our local and other agencies.

The Commissioner had been asked to speak on "The Light and Shade of a Salvation Army Officer's Life," and those who know the wealth of experience upon which he could draw, would know how fascinating a picture he would show. The "Light" was emphasised no more than the "Shade," and we are full of the hope that the extra knowledge of our "Experiences" given to our fellow citizens, will result in even greater interest and co-operation.

With our Leader in this event were

MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH

and Some Interesting Events

MRS. RICH has been associated with the Commissioner in some of his activities during the past few days, but she also has been busy on her own account, pushing the Self-Denial War, and making known the financial claims of God and The Army.

On Tuesday afternoon last (with Mrs. Brigadier Smith) she had a happy and interesting engagement with the members of the Ladies Aid Society attached to the Crescent United Church, when she gave an address on the Social Responsibility of The Army, and when she was glad to note that her remarks on the work amongst men was equally interesting with that of our operations among the women of the community.

We believe that these descriptions of our work, given in Mrs. Rich's own intimate and friendly manner, go to encourage a financial and spiritual interest for those who are so much on our heart and mind in these days.

At Sherbrooke St.

There is always a touch of glamour and romance attached to a Missionary Officer, who has spent a long period of time working among the heathen people and his always inclined, at least to many people, when the Officer is a woman. This atmosphere was felt indeed on Thursday afternoon last, when in the sunlit Sherbrooke St. Hall, with the Spring breezes blowing in at the open doors, Mrs. Brigadier Pennick talked most interestingly to Winnipeg women Salvationists. In her flowing Chinese robe, with her stories of Chinese life and customs, Mrs. Pennick carried our minds and hearts far away. Her humor brought a ripple of laughter now and again; the pathetic stories of poverty and ignorance touched hidden chords, and many tears were wiped away; her stories of Army fighting, and the braveness of our comrades thrilled many a Salvationist heart.

Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner Rich presided over the gathering, and in her usual happy fashion brought the visitor and her audience into close touch, telling of the time when Mrs. Pennick was a Corps Cadet when she, Mrs. Rich, was the Corps Officer's wife at the Clapton Congress Hall, and under the Army's discipline separates and brings together after many years those in its ranks, and all the white birds hearts closer together. And now the women of Winnipeg have another link.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Rich addressed the members of the Home Street Home League, and had a real comradely time.

In addition to the forgoing Mrs. Rich also acted as Chairman at Brigadier Pennick's Lecture on Monday night last at the Winnipeg Citadel—see page 4. —D.O.J.

Adjutant Mundy, who contributed a concertina solo, and Captain (Nurse) John Grace Hospital, who, with Captain Bondman and Geo. Weir, rendered a well pleasing duet. These musical items were also at the request of the president of the club. The special Army message of those contributions may be guaranteed.

The Franden Campaign

The Campaign (Self-Denial and Cleaned) Drive at Brandon has also claimed a visit. The Commissioner was in the Wheat City on Monday evening, and attended a very important gathering of business men who are associating themselves with the hopefully successful Effort now proceeding there.

Mr. Riddell, of the Bank of Commerce, and Mr. Macdonald, so well known in business circles as a prominent man of the city, are giving themselves wholeheartedly to the Campaign, as are their colleagues. It goes without saying that the Commissioner's address was a further impetus to this interest and concern.

A PRAYER

Lord, give us a sense of humor, so that we may laugh at ourselves and be amused when we joke ourselves against us, and that we may be prevented from gaining an inflated notion of our own importance.

On Some Song Amendments

SOME folks are great hands at altering and trying to improve what they cannot create. We suppose it is all right, but are not quite sure about it; we have a feeling that, if good old Charles Wesley came to earth again, and saw the "improvements" which have been made in some of his hymns, he would be glad to hurry back to Heaven, where they sing an entirely "new song."

We notice in our own Army Song Book there has been followed an alteration made by somebody, in the old, old anthem—"All people that on earth do dwell," and instead of serving the Lord "with mirth" as Isaac Watts enjoined the people of his day, and as the Psalmist also said, we are to serve Him "with fear." Why should we be *fearful* when we are anxious to be *glad*?

One man writes, "Not a fragment," and another renders it "Not a portion"; suggesting that the original figure is too much like a piece from a rock, whereas, to others, the altered figure sounds very much like—well—like another "portion" in a restaurant. What do you think about it?

When the promised new Army Song Book comes into being it might contain, although I doubt it, that popular song about counting one's blessings, and it might, with some advantage, include a new version of that chorus, which, so I have just read, an American contemporary suggests we should paste into our Bibles and read aloud every morning "Count your obligations,

Name them one by one,
And it will surprise you,
What the Lord wants to do."

Like a good many other amendments the revised version will not fit the original tune, but the thought is not bad, and so we pass it along.

The American Self-Denial

FOLLOWING hard on the heels of the magnificent British Self-Denial triumph comes news of the victory by our Eastern Forces in the United States. The latest New York "War Cry" is jubilant over the fine success of the 1928 E/fort, a total of \$112,010.96 being recorded; this being at least \$6,000 in advance of the Territorial Target.

We now confidently await similar news from the other American Territories, for surely in this matter the flowing tide of God's mercy is with us.

Our Canada East comrades, together with ourselves, will be inspired by these results across the Line. We hear whispers of the splendid possibilities down East; and out here in the West, with those splendid wide spaces which are our great boast, we are putting on a push such as will bring us in line with these other splendid victories.

Empire Day Celebrations

A splendid programme of Empire Day Guard and Scout activities is under weigh for the Troops of the Manitoba Division—with, of course, the Sunbeams and Chums well to the fore. Staff-Captain Steele and Ensign Miriam Houghton and Regimental Leader Stevens have been giving the matter their enthusiastic consideration, and a great time can be confidently anticipated.

The Commissioner will review the forces and take the Salute in Assiniboine Park at 2 p.m.; this is the main feature of the day, but, needless to say, there will be much else of interest on the programme.

Mother

Somebody has said, and said well, that the lynch-pin of the home is the mother. Under that humble metaphor the Queen of the Household is dignified. The lack of her sweet, sustaining power would be characterised to day, I suppose, as "a defect in the axle." But it means the same.

"What is home without a mother?" It is not home, and that is simple truth, and the only satisfactory answer. Mothe and home are synonymous terms. What a terrific responsibility rests upon the home-makers of this country.



Let Us Sing Together!



Tune: "My Faith Looks up to Thee"

Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the Word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell how the Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from His lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

Far over sea and land,
'Tis our Lord's own command,
Bear ye His name:
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door—
Silence is shame.

Speed on the wings of love;
Jesus, Who reigns above,
Bids us to fly:
They who His message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign:
Soon will the work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

Tune: "A Never Failing Friend"

The promises are true,
The promises are true,
The promises of God's own Word are
surely true for you.
If only you will believe,
You shall His power receive;
For all the promises of God are surely,
surely true.

Tune: "Count Your Blessings"

Get the sunlight in your heart today;
God's own sunlight in your heart today;
Open wide the window,
Open wide the door.
Get the sunlight in your heart for
ever more.

Tune: "He Lives"

I'm more than conqueror thro' His Blood,
I rest beneath the shield of God;
For Jesus saves me now.
I go a kingdom to obtain,
I shall thro' Him the victory gain.
For Jesus saves me now.

Before the battle lines are spread,
Before the boasting foe is dead,
My Jesus saves me now.
I win the fight, tho' not begun.
I'll trust and shout, still marching on.
That Jesus saves me now.

I ask no more that I may see,
His promise is enough for me—
'Tis Jesus saves me now.
Though foes be strong and walls be high,
I'll shout He gives the victory.
My Jesus saves me now.

Why should I ask a sign from God?
Can I not trust the precious Blood?
For Jesus saves me now.
Strong in His word, I meet the foe,
And, shouting, win without a blow.
My Jesus saves me now.

(For another version of this song see S.A. Song Book 608.)

Tune: "That Means Me"

Happy day, happy day,
Now the burden of my heart has rolled
away.
There's glory in my soul
Just like the billows' roll.
Because the burden of my heart has
rolled away.

Tune: "He Brought Me out of Darkness"

Oh, sound the proclamation far and wide—
Whosoever will may come.
There's refuge in the Saviour's wounded
side,
Whosoever will may come.

A SALUTE AND A TRIBUTE



A trio of worthy warriors, Sergt-Major Williams, Treasurer Fowler and Secretary Anderson of the Winnipeg Citadel Corps.

QUITE recently three noble, loyal Salvationists, who, for many years, have aided faithfully in directing the destinies of the Winnipeg Citadel Corps, retired from active membership on the Census Board, and received honorary commissions which they will, we hope, long continue to merit.

Of our three worthy comrades, what have we to say? What has been accomplished? "On that bright and cloudless morning . . . we shall know" and only then. Their merit will continue to be fragrant in the years to come.

Possibly one of the best-known Salvationists in the Territory, Honorary Sergt-Major Ben Williams, "the old man in the red coat," as he is known by the man on the street, will not soon be forgotten. His sterling worth has been the mainstay of many Commanding Officers during his fifteen years of Sergeant-Majorship.

Added to this our comrade served in the Old Land as an Officer.

We should not fail to mention, however, the fact that Mrs. Williams—for so long an invalid, and to whom her husband has given faithful attention—shares in our tribute.

Corps Secretary Anderson, whose Army history reaches way back to the early days of the Corps, has rendered steady and efficient service in his own particular branch of work. Brother Anderson acknowledges Norway as the land of his birth, but came to Canada when a lad. Our comrade is what is often termed "a plodder," seldom in the limelight, but always on the job. We can pay no better tribute to him.

And the same can be said of Treasurer Fowler, who was born "south of the line." Besides holding his position for twenty-eight years, Bandsman Fowler is the one remaining link we have left of the old-time original Citadel Band. His Band-manship commenced away back in the early nineties, before even the writer saw the light of day, and when one stops to consider the hours of service, mileage covered, thousands of dollars of the Lord's money handled, and the unblemished record he possesses, we gladly salute him with our other comrades. Brother Fowler, it is of interest to note, started on the lowest rung of the ladder in his place of business, and like Secretary Anderson, now holds a position of responsibility and trust.—J.R.W.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Dear Mr. Editor:-

Didn't I just feel bad last week when I had your message and found that dear old Dorcas had let you down. But, you know, you were quite wrong in supposing it was deliberately done; she would have stood up to the job if she could have done so, but there are limits to everybody's strength. Poor old girl, you couldn't really expect her to be about all day at her house-work, then busting off to her district for Self-Denial, and after that sitting down to write your notes.

I imagine you'll say that the fault is mine for going away and leaving her to do the work. Well, I suppose that is so, but you don't think, do you, that I was going to miss the opportunity of doing some specialising, where I am appreciated, just to stay at home and write a few stuffy old notes for the "Cry"? Tisn't in human nature, Mr. Editor, and you don't see the scenery in the Cross' Nest just magnificent. And can't those youngsters sing—and your choruses and all. And the mountains and the hills, and the climbs up, and the miles—and the way Captain Hind gets over the ground, no wonder can you send in some increases. I'm going around to a few more of my special Increases, and I'll give you some of their biographical sketches, if you will condescend to use them. Here's the poetry I promised you in my telegram:

Mountain on mountain and hill upon hill,
Upward we're climbing and then upward
still,
Rising and rising all, all the while,
Doing our best for this Self-Denial,
Doing our best, and then doing more,
Putting out envelopes by the score,
Fully determined whatever may come,
Nothing at all shall be left undone.
Sometimes it snows,
Sometimes it blows,
Sometimes it rains,
But we're not complaining,
Sometimes the weather is wretchedly misty,
Sometimes the road is abominably treicky;
Sometimes it's sunshine,
And then we just feel fine;
But we'd have you know
As onward we go,
With never a frown,
Or a groan,
Or a moan,
That wherever we are and wherever we're not,
The Self-Denial fever is getting us hot,
And that is about all the rhyme I can find for
one but and so I must ask you to excuse
me, for there is another call I must make,
and so I'll go after it at once, immediately.
In case it's forgot.
And I think that's the lot.

There, Mr. Editor, that really is poetry in spite of anything you or Captain Stratton, or Adjutant Mundy, or Brigadier Pennick may say to the contrary. I've got your message to say that Ft. Frances goes up another ten copies—here a little and there a little, means that we are pushing up the circulation. Will you please send a line of thanks to "W. Ham" of that Corps.

Thank you, for saying you will bring up Dorcas during my absence; it will do her good.

Yours out on the war-path.

Daniel Domore, Envoy.

More often than not we feel that the laddie who used to say:
"There really is no more to say
Than this, by night, as well as day—
Thank God!"



"He Would Not Enter A Church"

But there was The Salvation Army

THE bells of old St. Paul's, Halifax, pealed forth the cordial invitation, "Come in, come in!" The ushers of the church were unusually busy finding seats for the congregation.

Kings, princes and noble statesmen have upon State occasions occupied the seat of honor in this old historic church of Nova Scotia. But it was no such event that had induced the numbers for that mid-week service. It was to hear a prominent Keswick evangelist from across the ocean.

All eyes were turned towards the chancel when the vestry door opened, and a solemn procession of gowned dignitaries marched forth to the deep mellow chords of the great organ.

A Winning Face and Manner

The preacher mounted the brass stairs which led to a high, outstanding pulpit. He was strikingly tall, and possessed a winning face and manner endowed with deep spiritual power. He told the following incident in the course of his memorable address on prayer:

"Some years ago I knew a young man, of strong physique, splendid intellect, a college graduate and a general favorite. The talents he possessed promised a life of great power and usefulness—but! Falling into wrong company, and losing

his will power, he became the victim of the wine cup.

"Feeling keenly the disgrace he was likely to bring upon his family, he took ship for Australia. 'I'll begin afresh in a new land,' he told himself. But sadly he had to learn a new land and new company can never produce a new nature.

The Burden of a Soul

"Some months later, when he had lost trace of this young man," said the preacher impressively, "I tossed upon a sleepless bed feeling the terrible burden of that young man's lost soul! I seemed to see him entering the gates of Hell, forever doomed! I knew he had gone so far astray he would never enter a church—but there was The Salvation Army. The thought of The Salvation Army so possessed me that I arose from my bed, and, falling upon my knees, I cried: 'O God, for Christ's dear sake, direct his steps into The Salvation Army.' I remained upon my knees, pleading this one petition until God gave me the assurance my prayer was answered."

Far away in Australia a young man stands irresolutely at a street corner. Pale, thin, emaciated, his hands trembling, his eyes filled with remorse and misery. He has tried so hard and failed. He has struggled, and—yes, prayed for

victory over sin, but the heavens above seemed turned into brass. But now his struggles will soon be ended. Only a short street, and then the silent, dark harbour. That is the only way to end this fiendish burning thirst. There was no one in this new land to care, and the people in the Old Country would never know. He draws near to the end of the narrow street. An evil hand seems to be beckoning him to hasten on and hide the failure of a ruined life under that silent water.

But suddenly, as he passes an unpretentious building, he is arrested by loud, cheerful music of a Band playing a familiar hymn.

Hastening to His Doom

How exhilarating and hopeful that music sounds—floating on from the open windows and down the old, ugly wooden stairway which leads up to The Salvation Army Hall. The young man, hastening to his doom, comes to a sudden halt! An unseen Power surrounds him—an unseen hand leads him to the threshold of that building where the band pounds forth its soul-saving harmony—"Jesus saves, Jesus saves!"

The hand that leads him on and up is a Hand with a wound print—but the young man knows it not.

He stumbles up the well-worn steps and enters the Hall, where he is greeted with such warmth and cheer he feels a faint flutter in his dead soul. He tries to tell an Officer his case is hopeless! But before he is half through the recital he finds himself at the Penitent-Fold, sobbing out his gratitude for the glad assurance that "Jesus saves, Jesus saves!"

The Good Shepherd has found His sheep that went astray, and was lost. He has entered the door of the heart open to receive Him, and the young man rises to his feet possessing "the life that wins."

No need now to try and struggle for victory, when the Victor takes full possession.

The soul thus released can only cry "Thanks be to God, who giveth us victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

They Met in England

Some months later the two men of this story met in England. Comparing the difference in time between England and Australia, they discovered it to have been the exact hour when the Rev. G— arose from his bed to pray that—might be led into The Salvation Army, that young man was on his way to end his life.

For many years since, these two men, chosen of God, were powerful preachers of the saving power of Jesus Christ on the Cross of Calvary. Not only in the Old Country, but wherever they went they were called to hold missions for the deepening of spiritual life, and they gladly responded to the call.

Yes, we are always wondering, wondering how,

Because we do not see someone, unknown, perhaps, and far away,

On bended knee,

—From "You and I."

Too Much Noise

SOMEbody has been telling me—I will not say who—that at a certain point on one of the Great Lakes the steamers vie with each other in making a noise as they come in, to attract customers. One of them made a terrific row that drowned all the others, but it was discovered that it had to turn the steam off the engine when it was turned through the syren.

My friend having heard this demonstration, quietly remarked to a bystander that "it was just so with life." "If a man is busy blowing his own trumpet he has no breath left for Jesus Christ."

Our Occasional Talk

The Seventeen Ingrates

We recently had occasion to attend a public meeting at which some reference was made to the Great War services of The Salvation Army. The speaker, for purposes of his own, was anxiously careful to belittle those services; a point about which we are not greatly concerned. We were, however, reminded of the following story:

The North-Western University at Evanston, in Illinois, had for many years a volunteer life-saving crew among its students, which became famous. On the eighth of September, 1860, the Lady Elgin, a crowded passenger steamer, foundered off the shore of Lake Michigan, just above Evanston.

A Delirium of Exhaustion

One of the students gathered on the shore. Edward W. Spencer, saw a woman clinging to some wreckage far out in the breakers. He threw off his coat and swam out through the heavy waves, succeeding in getting her back to the land in safety. Sixteen times during that day did young Spencer brave the fierce waves, rescuing seventeen persons. Then he collapsed in a delirium of exhaustion. While tossing in delirium that night he cried over and over to his brother, "Did I do my best? Oh, I am afraid I did not do my best!" When his brother tried to quiet him by saying, "You saved seventeen lives," he would reply, "Oh, if only I could have saved one more!"

Unable to Enter his Chosen Work

Ted Spencer slowly recovered from the exposure and exhaustion of that day, but never completely. With broken health he lived quietly, unable to enter upon his chosen life-work of the ministry, but exemplifying the teachings of Jesus in his wholled life. He died not long ago in California, aged eighty-one.

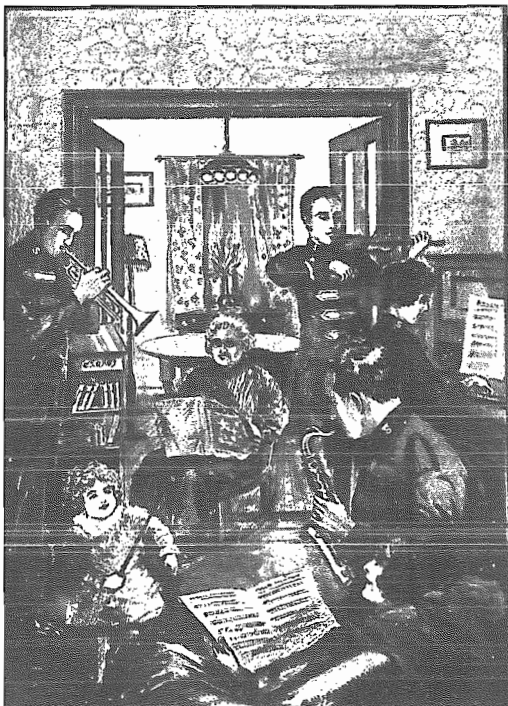
Mr. Spencer, asked if it were true that none of the seventeen rescued persons ever came to thank him, replied that it was. He added that the general confusion, the confusion of the rescued as well as of the rescuer, were probably responsible. "My husband always took this view, and never manifested any feeling of resentment. I am sure he felt none. He did his best with no thought of reward or recognition."

Yes, but those seventeen—words fail us!

Things Essential

In the old of Paganini, the great violin master, that he travelled far and wide in search for wood with music in it. Among the many things that were essential to this rare quality, two may be mentioned. It was necessary that there should be regular and steady growth in the trees, so that the rings in the wood succeeded one another with perfect symmetry. One sunless summer could spoil a forest so far as the music was concerned.

But that was not all. If the right tree were found, it was only that portion which faced South that could be used, for it was the wood which drank in the sun's rays that received the priceless gift. Which things are a parable!



"... And, dearest Mother, I wonder if you will ever realise how often I have thought of those jolly evenings when you would sit making a pretence of reading the 'Cry' but all the time enjoying the cheerful ballad baloo the rest of us were making. The memory of those evenings has helped me many a time, and kept me true to God and The Army."

Captain and Mrs. Stothhart, recently surrendered on Sunday to jail service. Envoy Tomlinson, a male, was our visitor during the day. The night of the 10th, the meetings were blessed of God. One singing was "The Lord is my Shepherd" in the Open-Air and indoors. Just recently our Young People's Association to a record number. The men and Sunbeams did well and were a help to the boys. Mr. C. H. Mayor Newton made an excellent address at the close, with the Officers, Company Meeting prizes.

What a fine a Corps of Brigade! Well and the Corps are doing them up to the Sunbeams.

CHRISTINE'S REFUSAL

By CAPTAIN MARGARET STRATTON

CHAPTER I

"Whist, lassie, yer father'll never let ye gang."

CHRISTINE GRAHAM, the subject of our story, was born in a little fishing village on the east coast of Scotland. Her father owned a fishing boat and by toiling early and late, out in all kinds of weather, managed to make a fairly comfortable living for himself and his family from the treasures of the briny deep.

There were nine children in the family—seven boys and two girls—and Christine was the youngest, consequently the idol of her father's heart.

No idlers existed in the Graham family, and every one of the children, small or big, was expected to do his or her share towards the upkeep and well-being of the household. The boys worked with their father and shared with him the hardships and dangers of a fisherman's calling, whilst the girls would, apart from the house duties, assist in the sorting and disposal of the silver-scaled harvest whenever the boat returned from its periodical trips out on the ocean.

Dressed in the rough garb adopted by the girls and women of those parts, Christine would often be seen picking her way, clad in plaid shawl and with bare feet, along the beach to watch for signs of her father's boat, and eagerly would share in the excitement caused by the landing of the "catfish."

A Scottish Sabbath

The little village boasted a Kirk of its own and the Grahams were amongst its staunchest supporters. The family was rigorously taught to keep the Sabbath, and the rules were very strict: Sunday was indeed a day set apart. There were services in the church, morning and afternoon to which the entire family went—the children with a peppermint in their hankies for the "sairmon." Then in the evening, family worship was held around the old fireside. No work was ever done on the Sabbath, and everything was prepared the night before; even the shoes were blackened and the Sunday clothes laid out on the spare bed. In Scotland, in those days, no one's thought of wearing the same clothes on Sundays as they did weekdays; it would be a sacrilege. Sunday was a day very distinct and separate from all other days, and even though the children had to learn psalms and hymns between services they enjoyed the peaceful quiet of the Sabbath. Christine especially loved the worship in the kirk and used to sing the psalms with all the fervour and strength of her young heart.

All went peaceably at home until The Salvation Army opened fire in the little village. Hearing them for the first time little Christine felt strangely drawn to the sweet-faced women who sang on the street-corners, and spoke so familiarly about Jesus. She sensed a sort of kinship between them and herself, and wished so much that she could know them. Her father, however, had taken a dislike to the "Hallelujahs" as he termed them, and forbade any of his children to attend the Meetings. Christine's little school chum, Joan, went to the Meetings. Her father had been a heavy drinker, but he had been "saved" at The Army, and now both he and his wife were numbered among the Soldiers of the little Corps. Joan's self was a member of the Salvationists, and all her talk centred around The Army and the Officers, which only made Christine all the more anxious to go and hear for herself.

A Red-letter Night

Soon the opportunity came. Dad was going on an extra long trip on his fishing vessel and Christine knew that she could easily persuade her mother to let her go with Joan to the Meetings. It all worked out as planned, and one night Christine prepared for the Meeting with eager anticipation in her heart for she knew not what joy that her desire was granted and tonight she was going to see and hear those Officers. That night proved to be a red-letter night in her experience. Although only ten years of age the Holy Spirit made eternal things so real to her, that it was with the gladness of relief that she gave her heart to the Saviour.

The Meeting, bright with praise and happy singing, was so different from the slow, quiet service of the kirk, that at first it struck a jarring note in Christine's heart, but gradually she became convinced that these people were genuinely happy, and their praises sincere. When she arose from her knees she knew that she was one with them because of the change that had taken place in her own heart.

"He Has Saved Me"

Hurrying home she sought her mother, and burst out, "Mother, I've given my heart to Jesus, and He has saved me. Can I join The Army?"

Her mother threw up her hands in

was very real to her and the Meetings were the joy of her heart. But she quailed before the anger in her father's face when she told him what had happened and asked his consent to join up with the Salvationists.

"Join up," he yelled. "I'll break every bone in yer body first, ye limmer."

Christine was frightened, and ran sobbing to her mother, who knew better than to say anything to Mr. Graham then, but that night when the children were in bed she broached the subject.

Set Her Heart on It

"John, ye were over cross at the wean the day; whit wey wull ye no let her gang



Clad in shawl and with bare feet.

there when she has set her heart on it. She'll come to nae harm there."

"Haud yer tongue, woman," snapped her frowd man, "nae harm o' mine is gaun tae join that lot o' hlethers; she mairn dae as she's telt, and gang tae the kirk wi' the rest."

Mrs. Graham realised the futility of saying more, but it hurt her to have to tell Christine in the morning that her father would not be moved from his decision, and she must give up the Meetings. Christine accepted the decision quietly and went off to school. Her heart was heavy, for in those few weeks she had learned to love The Army Meetings dearly, and she felt that she couldn't give them up. Whatever could she do?

Those fond arms once more folded round me, and at recess they united in prayer that God would, in a special way, soften the heart of her father.

The Officers Call

One day, to Christine's great joy, the Officers called at the Graham's home. They easily won Mrs. Graham's interest,

despair, and said, "Whist, lassie, whist, what wull yer father say when he kens; He'll never let ye gang."

"But he wull, mother," said Christine; "I'm sure he wull when he kens that I found Jesus there."

But Mrs. Graham shook her head cannily, she knew how stubborn her guid man could be when he liked, and she knew how determined he was that none of his should be associated with that low crowd, as he called the Salvationists.

"Weel, lassie, we'll wait an' see," she said.

Conversion Was Very Real

Christine was very happy while waiting for her father's return. Her conversion

but could seem to make no headway with Mr. Graham. They had come to ask if Christine could sing at a special Meeting to be held at The Army. Talent was scarce in the little village and Christine's good, strong voice could be used with great effect. Mr. Graham was secretly proud of Christine's voice, therefore did not refuse them entirely, but said that he would think about it, and let them know later, and with that he had to be content. In the course of a few days, however, consent was given, and Christine, highly elated, went off to the practising.

Slipped in at the Back

The night of the Demonstration arrived. Mrs. Graham could not persuade her husband to go with her, but, unknown to her he slipped in at the back of the Hall and stood with the crowd. Finally Christine was announced. She walked firmly to the front of the platform, then, in her sweet, childish voice, sang an old song:

"Wha' Jesus was born in a manger
The shepherds came hither to see,
For the angels proclaimed that a Saviour
was born

To save a poor sinner like me."
Then softly the refrain was taken up by those on the platform:

"To save a poor sinner, to save a poor sinner."

To save a poor sinner like me."
The old fisherman bowed his head as he thought, "Aye, 'twas for sinners He came; they canna be sae bad if that is the kind o' songs they teach the weans; maybe I was a bit o' bad on them, and in a softened mood the old man went home."

Christine did not see her father that night, but the next day he drew her on to his knee and asked:

"What does ma bairn want for a birthday present?"

With a prayer in her heart, she drew her father's old, grey head down and whispered in his ear, "I want ye tae let me gang to The Army Meetings; naething but that father, oh, if ye will!"

Touched with her earnestness, and remembering the influence of the song the night before, he answered, "Weel, lassie, ye can gang, but mind y're in each night by nine o'clock."

Nearly Burst with Joy

Christine's little heart nearly burst with joy; was the battle really won; her father's permission granted? She hugged him tight, laughing and crying with joy.

"Whist, lassie," said Mr. Graham, "Dinna greet, just be a guid bairn, and mind ye never make me sorry, that I let ye gang wi' the 'Hallelujahs'."

It was a very happy Christine who gave her testimony in the Meeting that night, and earnestly did she pray that her father might come to experience the same joy of conversion which she possessed.

(To be continued)

HOW DO YOU DO IT?

THIS is the story that the street-car conductor told us. He did not think he was talking to the Editor of the "War Cry," for, occasionally, we do hide our light under a bushel.

"Yes," said he, "I was a regular limb of Satan. I used to think myself lucky if my man managed to pass him by, him and his gang; but more often than not in the morning on their way to High School, I had them on board. He was the ringleader; he would have his gang all over the car before I could say 'knife.' On one occasion I had to take him by the scruff of the neck and lift him off the car and drop him on to the street."

"Then one day I was standing at the corner of Market and Main, listening to the Citadel Band, and who should I see there but 'His Nabs' as large as life; singing and praying with the best. I said to myself, said I, 'Well, fancy him in the Band.'"

"But that's not the end of the story. The other day I was on my car coming along Portage, past your new College, when who should get on the car but 'His Nabs,' a Cadet in The Army! 'Lor', how do you do it?"

MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS

Tune: "I think when I read that sweet story of old"

I wish I could hear the sweet story of old,
That I heard in the days that are gone;
When I came for my prayers to my dear mother's knee,
All the play of the day being done.
I wish I could feel her dear hands on my head,
Those fond arms once more folded round me,
And that I might once more hear her voice as she said—
"Let my little one come unto Thee."

But far I have wandered, and sadly I've failed,
And how bitter the tears I've let fall
Over counsels unheeded, and prayers long forgot,
Over days I can never recall.
Once more I am hearing the call of her love,
Of those hours which were brightest and best,
When I knelt as a child and joined in her prayer,
That in Christ I might find peace and rest.

But still to God's footstool in prayer I may go,
Ever sure of a share in His love;
Ever sure, if I earnestly seek Him below,
I may join those now with Him above.
In that beautiful land she is waiting for me,
In that home ever peaceful and fair,
And I trust by her prayers and God's mercy so free
I shall see her and meet her up there.

"J."

As one whom his mother comforteth

THE WAR CRY

So, says God, will I comfort you

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1928

No. 18

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, here and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, mailing "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2014—John Letts (or his children) formerly lived at Long Buckby, England, came to Canada in the seventies. Understood he had five children. Small legged to be paid to Mr. Letts or children.

1940—J. J. Harnden. Mother of the above named anxious to locate. Was for a time at Nichol Valley, B.C., also Merritt, B.C.

642—Wm. Samuel H. Hearnden—About 40 years of age, height 5 ft. 6 in., black hair, brown eyes, yellow complexion, farmer, missing ten years. Wife anxious for news.

1970—Joseph Stewart. Age 25, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 130 lb., dark hair, brown eyes, light complexion, farm hand, missing two years, last heard of at Barrmore, Alta., also Unity, Sask. Mother very worried.

1952—Robert Bleakley. Age 19, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 150 lb., dark brown hair, grey eyes, dark complexion, native of Ireland. Mother anxiously enquires.

1908—Alexander Kuzmoff Khlon or Chlon. Native of Tenshlovka, Russia. Emigrated to Canada in 1912. Enlisted in the 144th Iron Reserve Battalion which was a Winnipeg Battalion composed of Russians served in Great War. Wife and children long for news.

1926—Siefred Fahren. Age 18, height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 150 lb., dark brown hair, Swedish, occupation, laborer. Missing since Aug. 21st, 1927. White hairless spot on head, right wrist crippled. Mother very worried.

1957—Anders Olsson. Swedish, age 61, heavy build, brown hair, blue eyes, missing since 1903, wanted because of an inheritance.

1908—Mrs. Ida Wend. At one time lived in Orillia, Ont. Went to Winnipeg with her son Perla. About 1910 he was transferred to the Children's Aid. Boy would like to get in touch with her.

1990—Nils Albert Svensson. Swedish, age 47, average height, dark hair, blue grey eyes, missing since March 1905, farmer. Brother enquires, father now dead and there is money left the boys to be divided.

1937—Ward—Ward. Anyone by the above names who has a missing son of the name of G.W.F. Gordon or William, or a son who was reported missing or killed overseas, may hear surprising news by communicating with Mrs. Maude Ward, 10531 126th St., Edmonton, Alta.

1946—Tom Murray. Age 30, height 5 ft. 4 in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, Scotch blacksmith. Brother enquires.

1956—Hans Peter Hansen. Danish, age 35, medium height, brown hair and eyes, was working in saw mills. Cousin enquirer.

1943—Stein W. Salomon. Wanted in case of inheritance, thought to be in Vancouver.

1962—John Hampden Turnbull. Age 38, height 5 ft. 9 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Owing to gun accident lost use of left arm. Was soldier in Canadian Army. Father, the Rev. Archibald Turnbull of Edinburgh has recently died and sister is anxious to let brother know.

1974—Herbert Kineaid. Age 36, height 5 ft. 6 in., black hair, hazel eyes, was shunter on Van cover. Believed in Ireland. Thought to be in Vancouver.

1976—William Carson. Age 38, single, red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farm laborer. British, last known address Brandon. Brother is the enquirer.

Wherever

there is sin and misery, poverty and despair, pain and discouragement, wherever there are men who are down and out, women who have erred, and defenceless little children to protect, there you will find The Salvation Army at work with clear-headed systematized and understanding effort to reclaim and rehabilitate fallen men and women, and to provide protection and opportunity in life for little children.

2002—Thomas George Hopper. When last heard of was living at Glacier, B.C., age 49, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, very dark eyes, born Paisley, Ont. Sister enquires.

1948—Harry Davies. Age 53, height 5 ft. 5 in., medium build, hair, missing to be paid for top. Last heard from at Jasper, Alta. Brother anxiously enquires.

1942—John Richardson. Age 45, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Scotland. Served in Great War. Brother anxious to locate.

1961—Dennis Russell Jennings. Tall slender man, blue eyes, high cheek bones, age 42, last heard from about four years ago in Alaska. Brother anxious to locate.

1870—Knut Berger. One time was working at Willow Beach. Sister desires to locate.

1909—Arthur Kirk. Age 24, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair and complexion, engaged on land, left England under care of Dr. Harbord when ten months old, anxious for him to return home.

1923—Samuel Hay. Age 50, medium height, black hair, fair complexion, engaged in cycle trade native of Evesham, England. What there was a basketballist and worked in B.S.A. Cycle Works, Redditch. Came back to Canada in 1903. Sister enquires.

1951—Richard Rogers. Age 50, height 5 ft. 10 in., very fair hair, light blue eyes, fair complexion, farmer, native of Warrington, England. Sister anxious for news.

THE STORY OF THE FATHER



Keystone Photo, New York.

The Pharisees and the scribes complained, "He welcomes sinners and eats with them." So Jesus told them it is so.

"There was a man who had two sons and the younger said to his father, 'Father, give me the share of the property that falls to me.' So he divided his means among them. Not many days later, the younger son sold off everything and went abroad to a distant land where he squandered his means in loose living.

"After he had spent his all, a severe famine set in throughout that land and he began to feel in want: so he went, and attached himself to a citizen of that land who sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he was fain to fill his belly with the pods the swine were eating: no one gave him anything.

"But when he came to his senses he said, 'How many I hired men of my father have more than enough to eat, and here am I perishing of hunger. I will be up and off to my father, and I will say unto him, Father, I have

sinned against heaven and before you: I don't deserve to be called your son any more: only make me like one of your hired men.'

"So he got up and went off to his father. But when he was still far away his father saw him and felt pity for him and ran to fall upon his neck and kiss him.

"The son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you: I don't deserve to be called your son any more.' But the father said to his servants, 'Call him, bring the best robe and put it on him, give him a ring for his hand and sandals for it is feet and bring the fatted calf, kill it, let us eat and be merry: for my son here was dead and he has come to life, he was lost and he is found.'

"So they began to make merry. So, I tell you," said Jesus, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over a sinner who repenteth."

—Luke xv. 1-2; 11-21 (No far's translation)

A PRAYER FOR MOTHERS' DAY

Seek out and bless this day, O Father of Love, all those to whom the name of Mother suggests only dim memories in the distant past and who walk through life deprived of the joy which is ours, springing from innumerable recollections of mother love.

"Bless the little children" whom Death has robbed of their dearest possession, and who look wistfully at their mothered companions of the street and street.

Comfort those men, who, seeing with aching hearts the likeness of their departed loved ones in the faces of the little ones around them, strive to fight, single-handed, the battle that two together should wage.

Grant us, we pray, a vivid consciousness of the blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us. In the name of Thy Son who, in His extremity remembered His earthly mother, we ask these things. Amen.

Coming Events

THE FIELD SECRETARY (Misses) at T. Taylor: Lethbridge, Thursday, May 10; High River, Friday, May 11; Drumheller, Saturday, May 12; Calgary, Monday, May 13; Banff, Tuesday, May 14; Wainwright, Wednesday, May 15; Edmonton, Thursday, May 16.

1941—John Wilson. Age 32, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 160 lbs., black hair, grey eyes, Scotch Canadian, widower, occupation not known, missing 20 years. Brother desires to locate.

1977—Peter Larsen. Age 31, medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes, was for some time around Alberta, born in Denmark. Grandmother anxious to hear from him.

1955—Karl Olaf Field Olsen. Age 19, tall, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard from in 1926, father very anxious to get in touch with him.

1959—Knut E. Bondi. Norwegian, age 40, height about 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, blue eyes, 20 years ago reported to be at Seattle, Washington, lumber camp. Brother Nels, Bagley, Sask. wishes to hear from him.

1951—John Kirkpatrick. Last heard of in 1912, was then at Cody, Wyo., had string of horse losses. Father very ill. John is professor of school. Father died a few years ago. Belonged to Western Union of the World League. Cousin, Mrs. Marie Williams anxious to locate.

1932—Adolph H. Lassen. Danish, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, Clerk, wanted because of inheritance.

1941—Carl Oscar Anderson. Born in Jaros, Sweden, age 42, tall, dark, always neat and proper. Wife has recently died and four children want to get in touch with their father. Brother making the enquiry, carries also enquiries.

1920—Karl Arvid Mattson. Swedish, age 64, medium height, blue eyes, missing since 1919. Has been sailor also worked in mines. Sister anxiously enquires.

1981—Robert Walker. Age 34, height 5 ft. 9 in., slim build, fresh complexion, grey eyes, house on road and seat under the eye on the creek. Motor engineer by trade, also has knowledge of electrical work, free time, missing since June 1922. Wife and children in Northwest extremely anxious to locate.

1955—Jacob Akeel Petersen. Danish, age 42, broad front in 1917. Was working as shepherd for farmer by name of Henry, address unknown. Medium height, fair hair and blue eyes, father long for news.

1933—Knut Johnson, or Kild Johnson. May go by name of Telluag, Norwegian, age 30, height 5 ft. 11 in., worked in lumber camps in Saskatchewan. Sister anxiously enquires.

1922—Alfred Rogers. Age 47, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Warrington, England, thought to be working in the iron and steel trade in Vancouver. Sister enquiring.

2001—Philip or Patrick McElride. The niece of this man is anxious to locate him. He is thought to be in Alaska. He is 6 ft. tall, sandy complexion, gold rimmed glasses, visited his father in New England State about 30 years ago, then came back to Alaska.

This saith the Lord God: Behold, I, even I, will search my sheep, and seek them out. At a sheep which is lost, I will seek him on the day that he is among his sheep: and he is sent: and I will say, I will seek that which was lost: and I will say, I will seek that which was broken." These words were recorded by the Prophet Ezekiel, Chapter 31, 11-16, and they are true today, so that it can well be said

God is Looking For You

FROM THE CALGARY HERALD
(A Letter to the Editor)

The Army at the Police Court

Dear Sir: In connection with The Salvation Army appeal for funds I desire to pay tribute to the work of the Salvation Army at the police court. An Officer of The Army attended the sittings of the court, and was always ready to assist deserving cases by providing shelter and food, or by finding employment for them. I feel that The Army is entitled to public recognition for the work.

W. H. SELBY
Crown Prosecutor at the Calgary Police Court.

The Immigration Department wishes us to announce that at the Balmoral Lodge, 21 Balmoral St., Winnipeg, there is now an accommodation for transients—Salvationists and friends who may be waiting the city's demand to those and who may wish to avail themselves of this accommodation.